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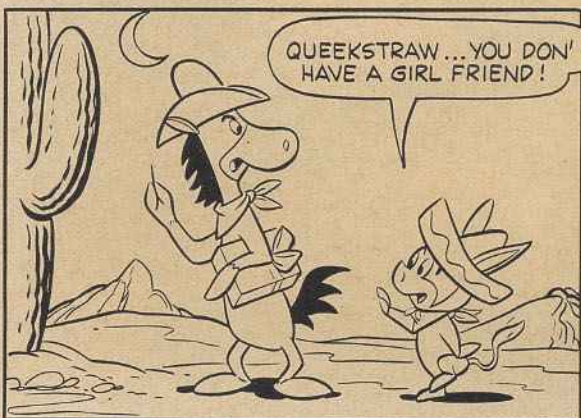
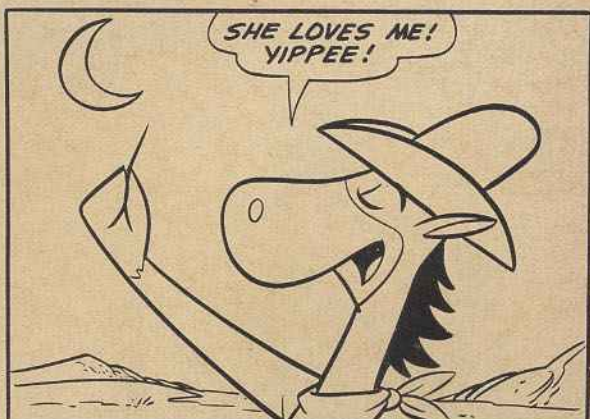
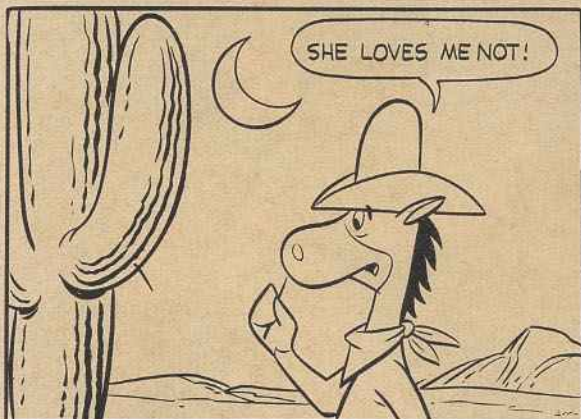
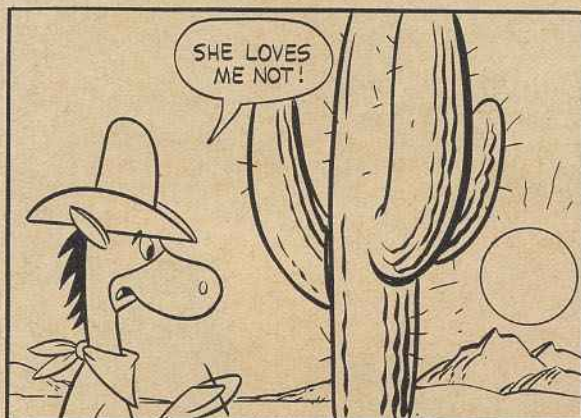
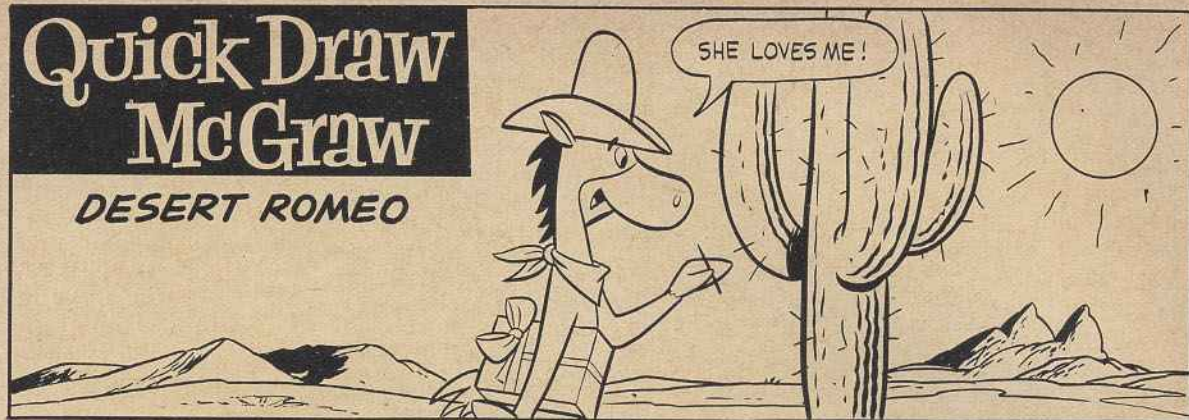
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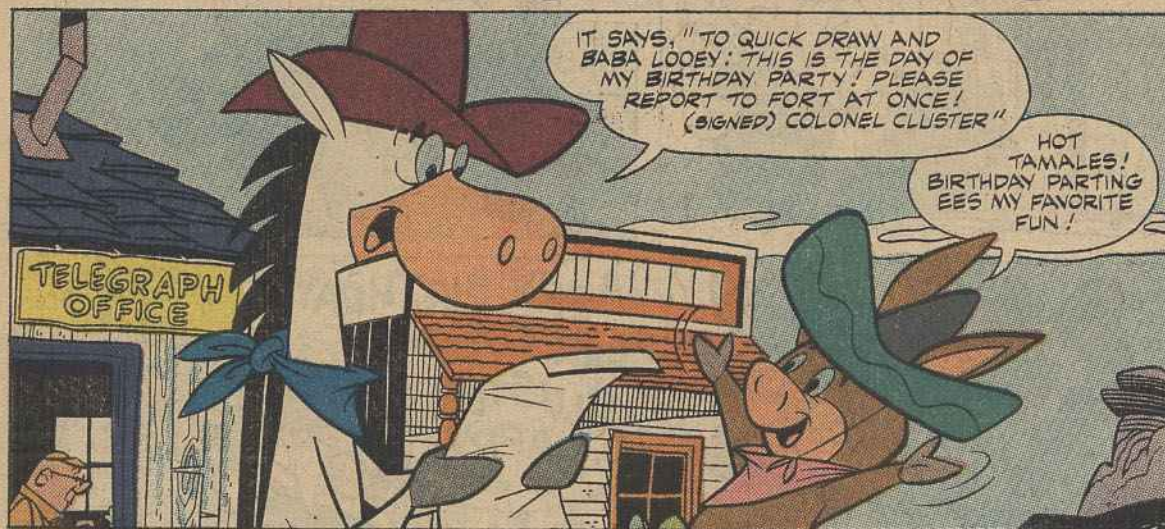
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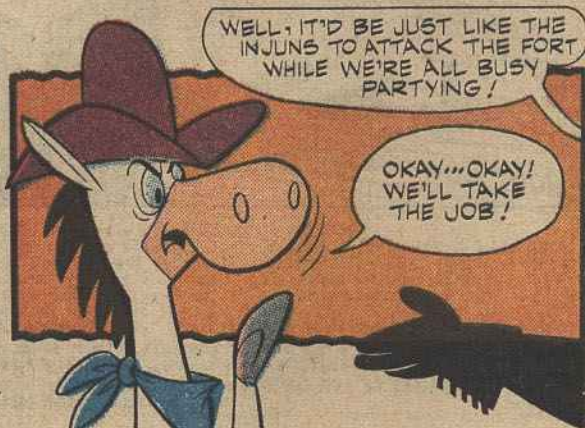
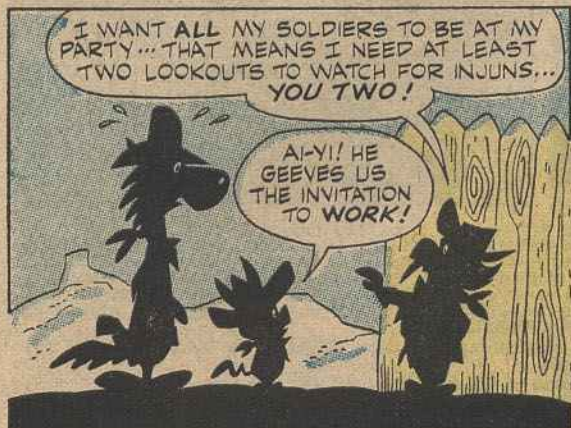
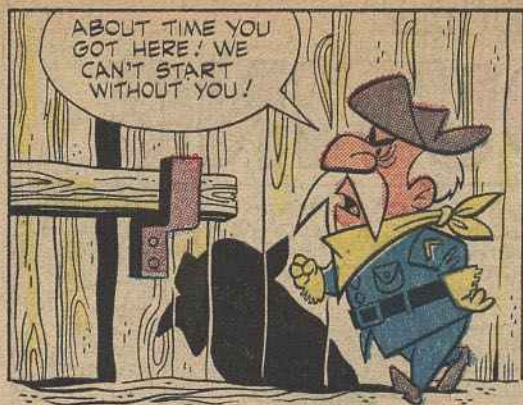
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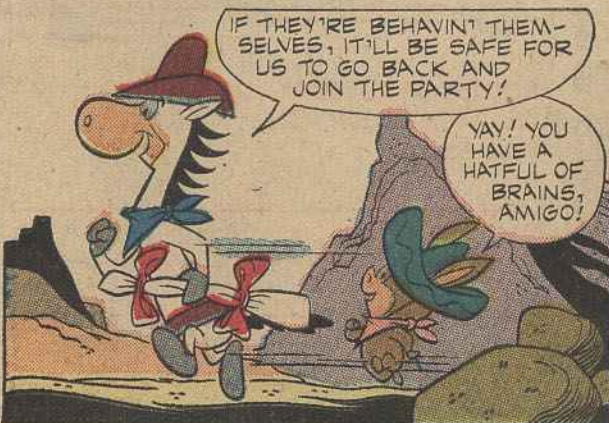
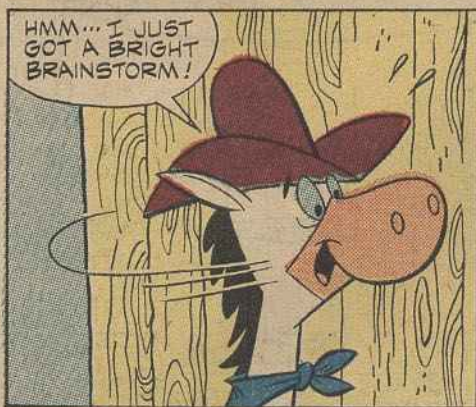


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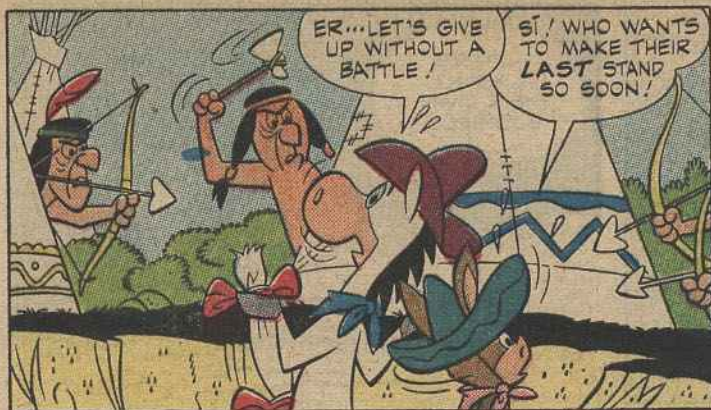
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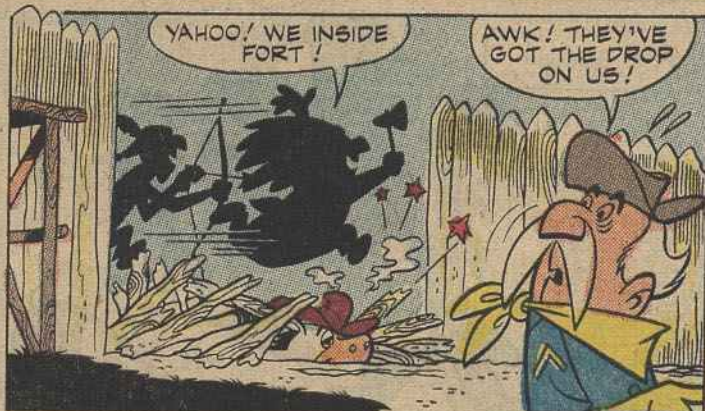
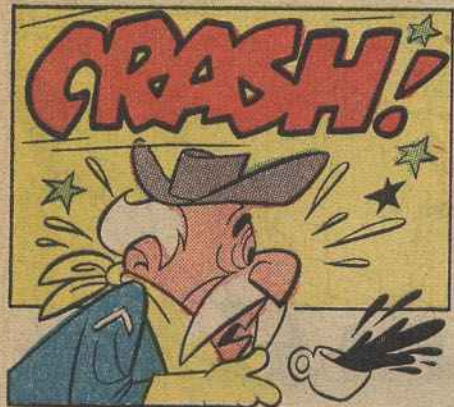


BUT, ALAS, WHO COULD HEAR A SHOT AMID ALL THIS?...



AND UP ON THE MESA...







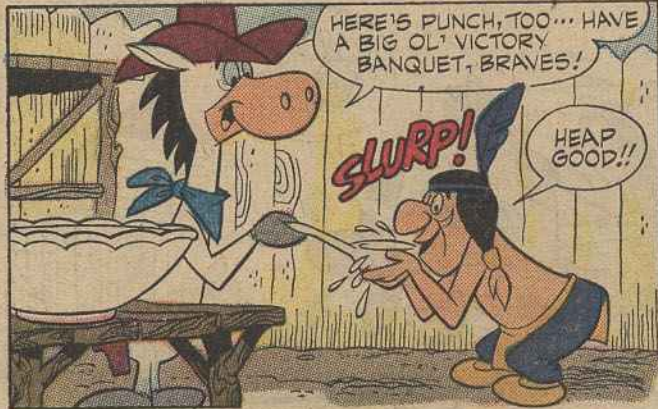
AHEM!
COME
AND
GET IT,
FELLERS!



IT'S PALEFACE
FOOD! YUMMY,
HUH?



MMMM!
NOT BAD!



HERE'S PUNCH, TOO... HAVE
A BIG OL' VICTORY
BANQUET, BRAVES!

SLURP!

HEAP
GOOD!!



HEH! THESE INJUNS ACT
LIKE THEY'VE NEVER
BEEN TO A BIRTHDAY
PARTY BEFORE... AND
THEY HAVEN'T!

**CHOMP!
GULP!
SLURP!**



AND SOON...

THEY
ATE TOO
MUCH,
TOO FAST,
PLUS THEY'RE
NOT USED TO
EATING
SWEETS!

OH-H-H! VICTORY
FEAST IS OUR
DEFEAT!

UGH! TUMMY
ON WARPATH!

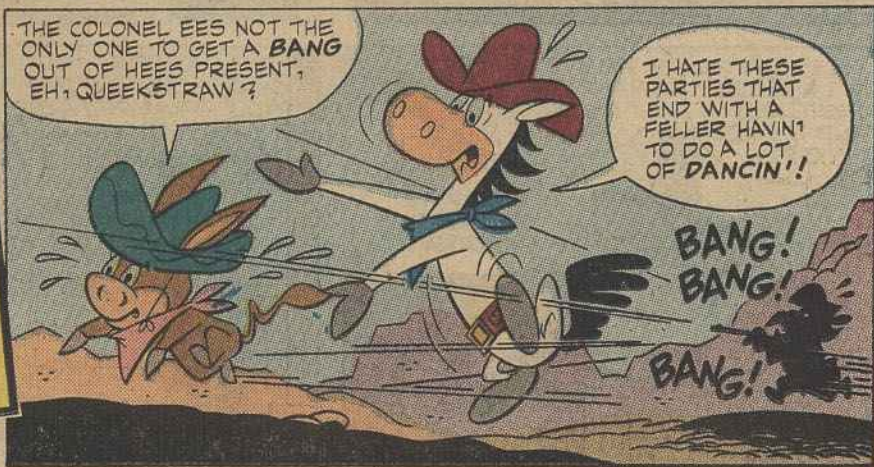
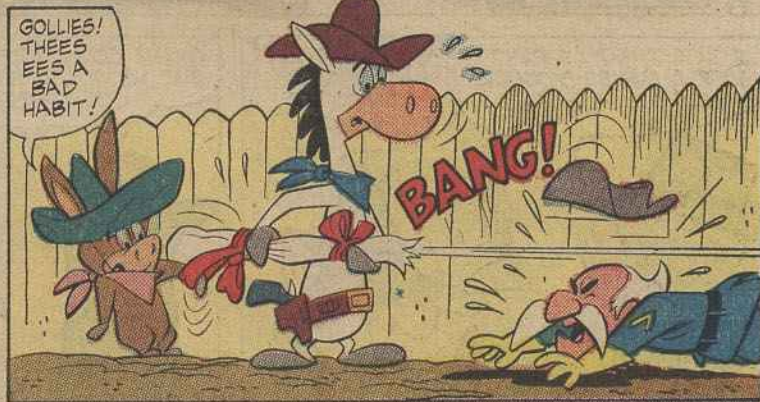
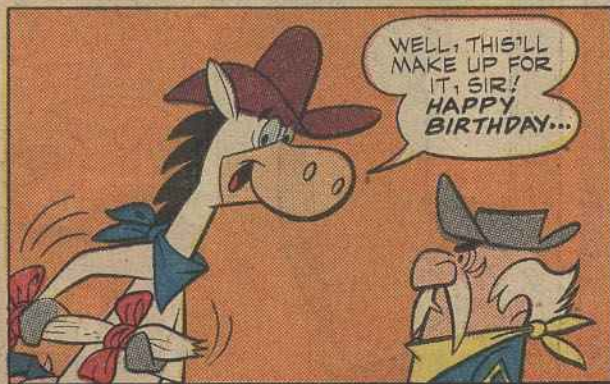
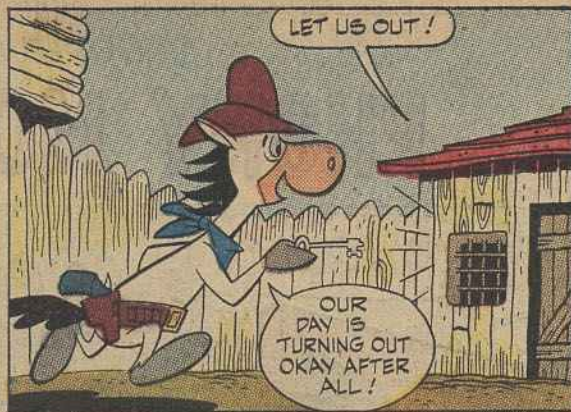
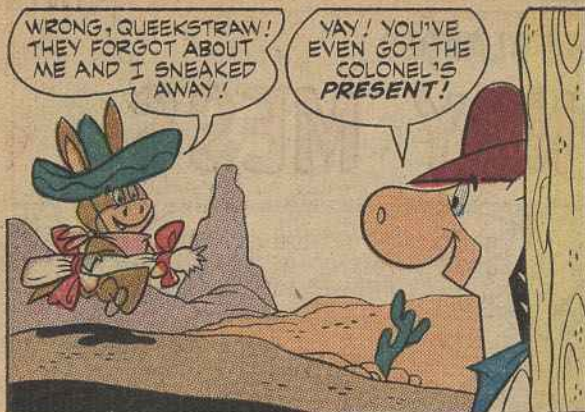


THAT WAY HOME, FELLERS! GLAD YOU
COULD COME!

UGH! NEVER WANT
TO SEE-UM INSIDE
OF FORT AGAIN!

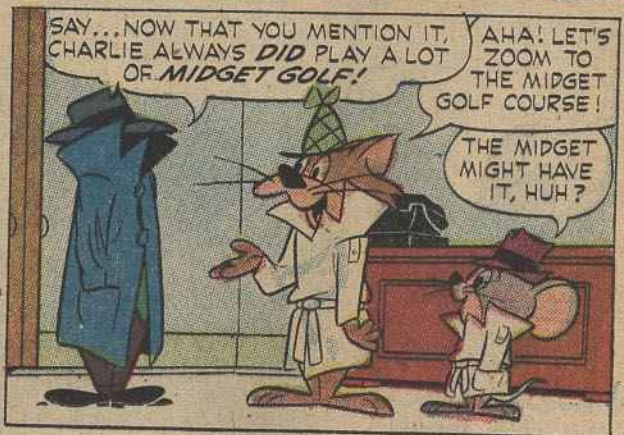


OMIGOSH!
BABA
LOOEY
IS STILL A
CAPTIVE
UP ON
THE MESA!



SNOOPER and BLABBER

PHONY MONEY MESS











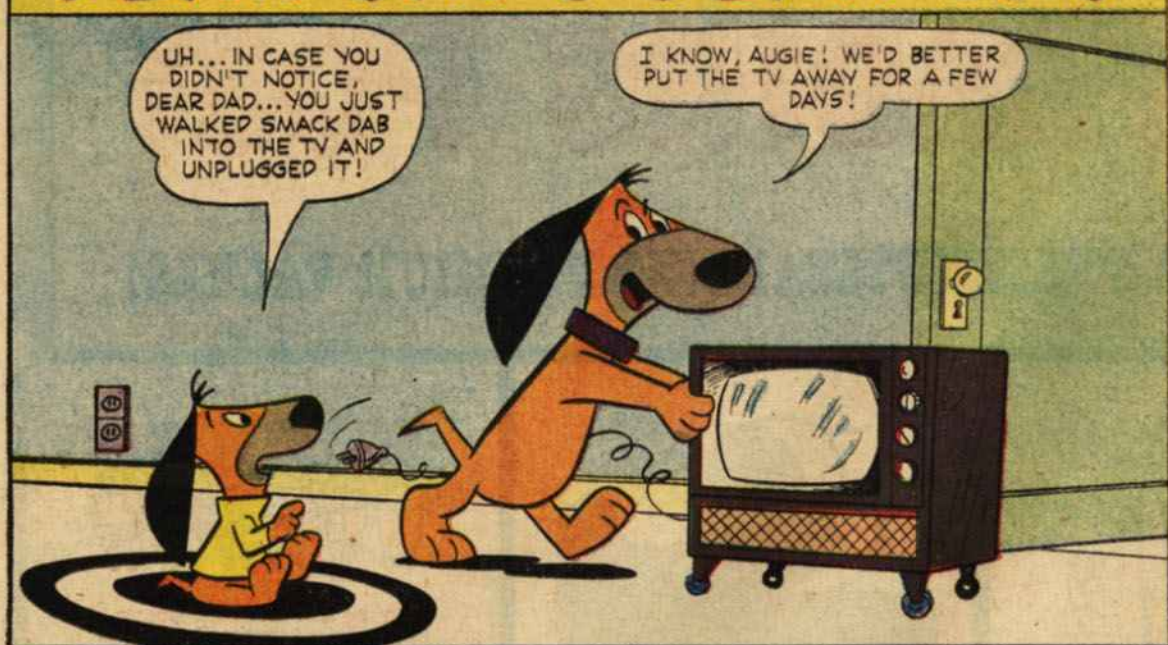


AND AT HEADQUARTERS...



AUGIE DOGGIE

DEAR DAD'S DEAR DAD











TUMMY TRICKERY



"Oh, goody!" an old brown fox growled as he spied Little Hoot playing in a secluded glen. "There's a tasty little snack for my lunch. All I have to do is be crafty enough to catch him. That shouldn't be too hard."

The sly fox lay down on the ground and groaned as though he were in great pain.

Little Hoot heard the groans and his heart filled with sympathy. Forgetting all about being cautious, he looked about until he discovered the fox.

"Oh, my, what seems to be the trouble, Mr. Fox?" he hooted anxiously.

"I have a terrible pain," the fox groaned. "Please help me."

"What do you want me to do?" Little Hoot asked earnestly.

"Oh, if only you'll just come and rub me where the pain is, I'm sure I'll feel better," the fox replied slyly. "The pain is right here," he added, patting his stomach.

"All right," Little Hoot agreed, moving closer to the fox. "I'll help."

Then, just as he was about to rub the aching spot, the fox pounced on him in glee!

"The pain is from hunger!" he announced eagerly. "And you're just about to satisfy that hunger!"

Little Hoot trembled with fright as he suddenly realized he had been tricked. He tried to think of a way to mislead the fox so that he would have a chance to escape.

"Er...uh...you like apples, don't you?" he suggested anxiously. "I know where there are some trees just loaded with delicious apples. Maybe you'd like to have a snack of fruit before...er...your main course."

"Apples?" the fox responded with interest. "I love apples! Yes, show me where they are."

But if you're thinking of trying to escape on the way over there, just forget it. I'll be watching you like a hawk."

Little Hoot groaned inwardly, but by the time they had reached the orchard, he had thought of another plan.

"The apples are too high for you to reach," he pointed out. "Why not help me up into a tree so I can shake some down for you?"

"Oh, no, you don't!" the fox chortled. "You're thinking that once you're up in a tree, you'll be out of my reach! Well, smarty, I'll just shake the tree myself, and I won't take my eyes off you for a single second!"

Little Hoot looked anxiously around the orchard for some other avenue of escape. His eyes fell on one particular tree and hope swelled in his heart.

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you shake that tree over there," he suggested. "The apples on it are bigger than these, and no doubt juicier, too."

"Thanks, Little Hoot, I'll just do that," the fox grinned. "But you move right along ahead of me so I can watch you."

The fox trotted over to the tree, shook it vigorously, and, without ever taking his eyes off Little Hoot, he began eating the apples that fell.

But within a short time, the sly old fox grimaced with surprise, rolled over on his back, and groaned with pain.

"You've tricked me!" he moaned.

"If you hadn't been watching me so closely," Little Hoot hooted as he skipped merrily out of the orchard, making good his escape, "you would have noticed those were green apples in that tree. Now you can groan about a real tummy-ache, and it serves you right!"

Quick Draw McGraw

REPORTER RUCKUS

HOWDY, FELLER! YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM EASTERN-TYPE PEOPLE!

JAIL

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M A REPORTER FROM THE NEW YORK GLOBE!

GOLLIES! WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY FOREIGNERS AROUND HERE IN A LONG TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE?

MY PAPER SENT ME OUT HERE TO DO SOME STORIES ON REAL WESTERN HEROES, BUT SO FAR I HAVEN'T FOUND ANY!

NO?

NOPE! ALL I'VE SEEN IS CACTUS AND SAGEBRUSH! NOT A HERO IN SIGHT!

WELL, SON, YOU CAN QUIT LOOKING! YOU'VE JUST FOUND ONE!

YOU?

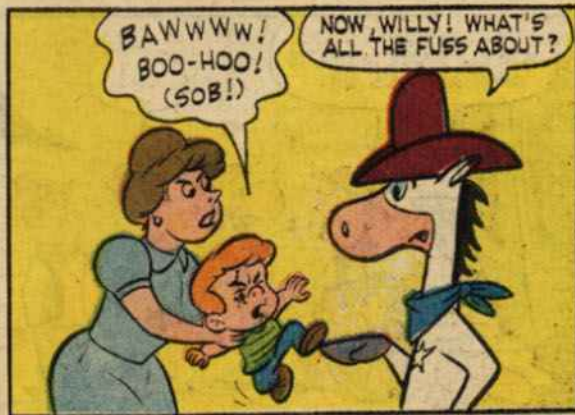
THAT'S RIGHT! THE MOST HEROIC HERO OF THEM ALL! I'M THE TWO-FISTED SHERIFF OF THIS TOWN!

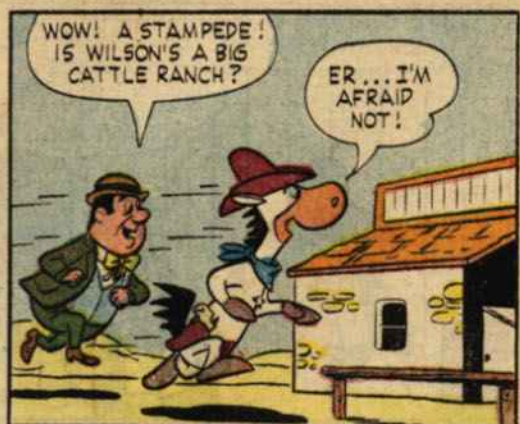
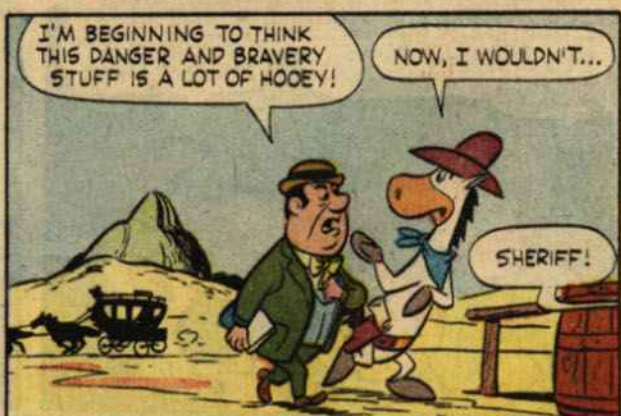
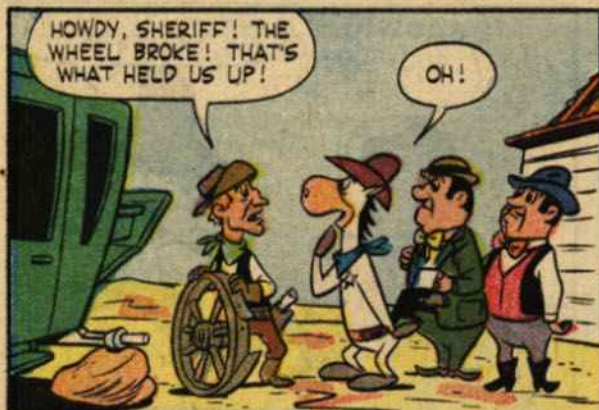
WHY, EVERY DAY I FACE A HEAP OF DANGER IN LINE OF DUTY, AND I ALWAYS EMERGE TRIUMPHANT!

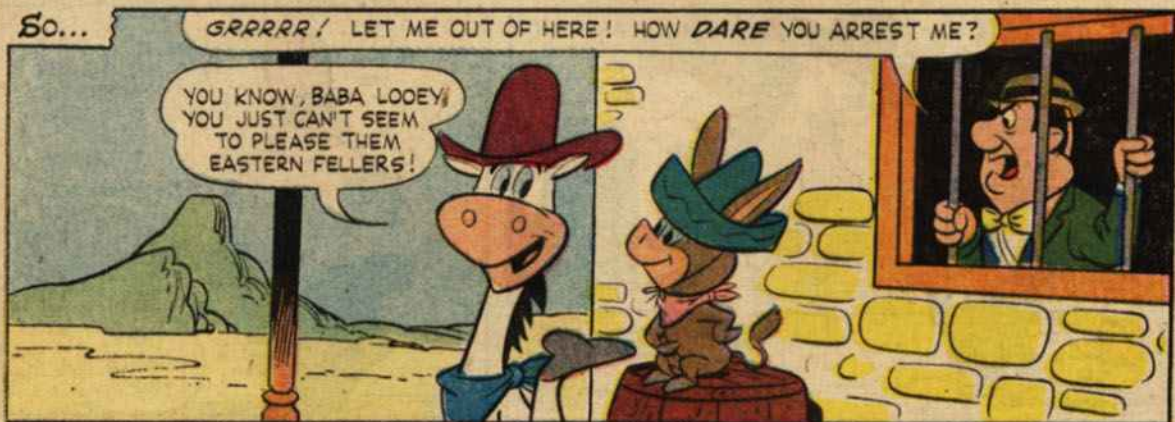
AYE-YI-YI!

THAT'S IT! I'LL DO A STORY ON THE TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SHERIFF!

SWELL! DON'T FORGET TO SPELL MY NAME RIGHT!







Quick Draw McGraw

HALTIN' THE BALTONS

GEE, QUEEKSTRAW, I THIN' THIS IS THE BIGGEST WANTED POSTER I EVER SEE!

SHORE IS! THE BALTON BROTHERS ARE A BIG, BAD GROUP!

WANTED!!! THE BALTON BROTHERS



"BADDY" "BRAWLER" "BEAST"

PARDON ME! MY NAME IS BEN BALTON, AND I...

BALTON???

BABA, CALL THE SHERIFF! ...ER, SHUCKS! I KEEP FORGITTIN'... I'M THE SHERIFF!

PLEASE, SIR! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL!

THAT'S RIGHT! HEES PEECTURE EESN'T UP THERE!

THEN YOU AREN'T ONE OF THE BROTHERS?

OH, YES, I AM! BUT I'M THE GOOD ONE! SORT OF THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY! HEH, HEH!

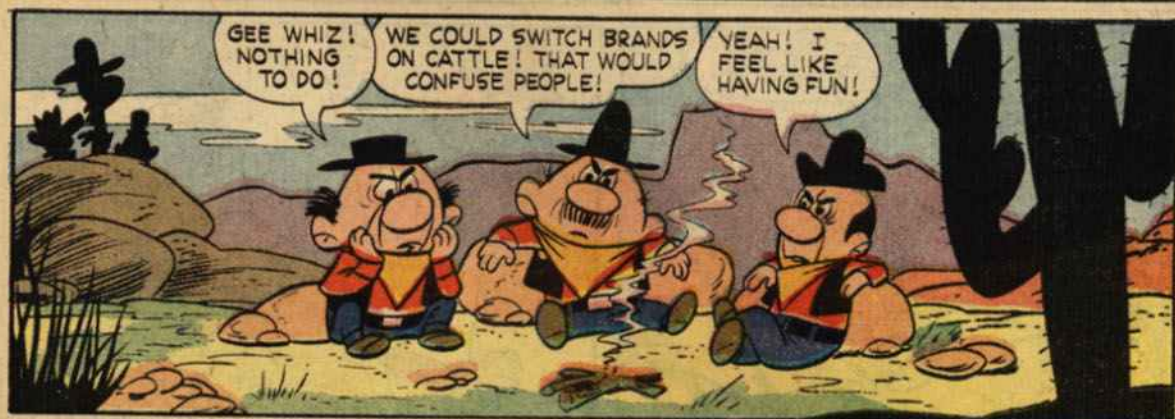
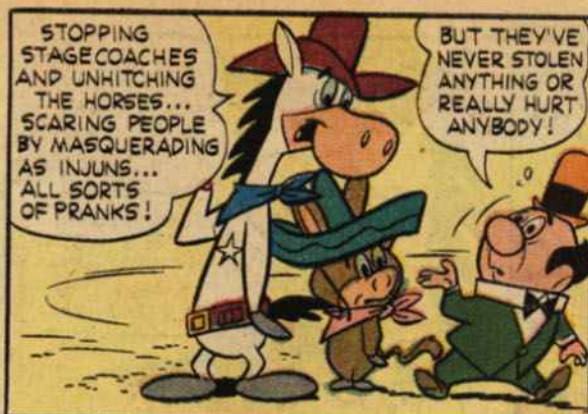
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BROTHERS ARE?

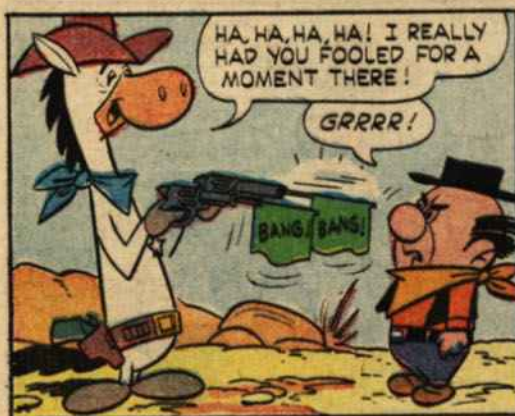
YES, I'LL LEAD YOU TO THEM IF YOU CAN HELP ME REHABILITATE THEM!

IF THAT'S ANYTHIN' LIKE ARRESTING THEM, I'LL BE GLAD TO!

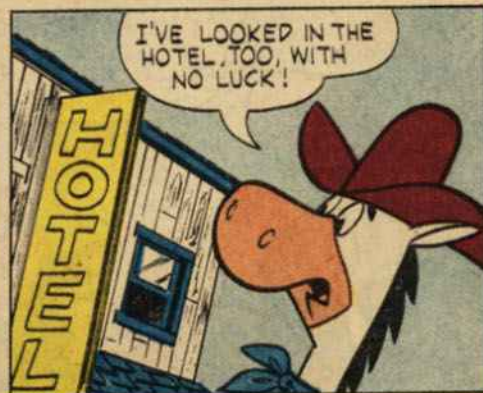
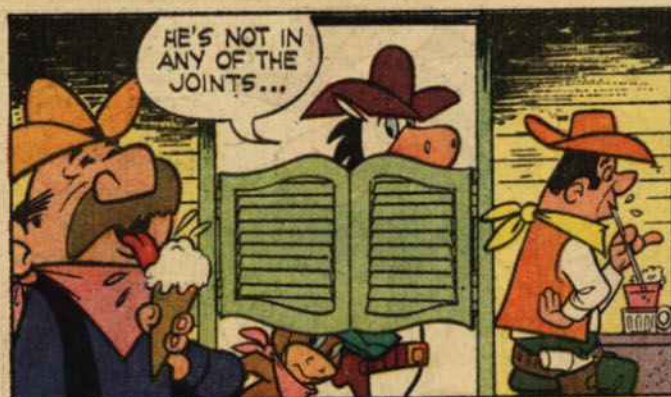
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WANT YOU TO HELP THEM! MY BROTHERS AREN'T BAD! THEY JUST ACT MISCHIEVOUS!

THEY SHORE DO!









Quick Draw McGraw

HIGH HOPPER

